

# The Spur to the Lordis.

**Q** What menis thir mischant murtherars?  
In muising mair mischeif,  
Thir Ruggars, Reifars, Romeraikars,  
Waiting of na releif.

The mark that God gais in his greif  
To Cains cursit kin,  
Shall brod thir Burriois in the beif  
For thair maist schamefull Sin.

**C** Bot breifly for to breif in bill,  
Thay seme to be ouerlukit:  
Seing our Lordis sa lang ly still,  
Men meinis thay will mislukit.  
Zour siluer beis na langer huikit  
Gar pay zour men of weir,  
Zone bludy Boucheours o: thay bzuikit,  
Fordwart zour sellis but feir.

**C** Thay Renigats, thay Rubiatouris  
Hes stollin our Regentis lyfe,  
Thay treuthles Tygars, thay trinsauld Tra-  
Hes steirit by this stryfe. (tours)  
Of thame sall nouthar man, bairne, nor wyfe  
Escbew mischeuous chance:  
Thay Ruffis be thay neuer sa ryfe,  
Thay get na helpe of France.

**C** That dolorous deid had bene to done  
Had concord knit togidder,  
The Lordis and Counsall of this Rome,  
Of lait that war growin liddar,  
That gart our Enemeis confidder,  
His deith for to conspyre:  
Chyde banks thairfoir thay sall find odder,  
Quhen kindlit is Gods Ire.

**C** Fra he was gane, thay thocht that nane  
Thair fences nicht ganestand,  
For why say thay thair is not ane  
Dar tak the deid on hand.  
That ar not knit all in a band,  
We may the Crowne attane,  
Zour Counsall we sall contramand,  
And Crowne zow Kingis of baine.

**C** Frome lyfe to deith, gif siclyke change,  
Had happinit ony of zow,  
And he zit leuing to Reuenge  
It had not bene till now.  
Reuenge ze not his deid I trow,  
Gods vengeance is decreittit:  
For giltles blude ze know not how  
Denuncit to retreittit.

**C** Argyle and Boyde sall to zow cum  
To gar seche hame the Quene:  
My Lordis I pray zow all and sum  
To mark weill quhat I mene.  
It suld zow muse all to be tene  
Quhen ze the message heir,  
Sen hautie wordis bot spokin bene  
To gar zow tak sum feir.

**C** Ze haif deposit hir as in deid,  
Not worthie for to ring,  
God was zour ground, weill did ze spend,  
And haif set by the King.

**C** If ze depois him of his King,  
Ze grant the former wrang:  
And syne the Quene agane inbring,  
Na dout scho will zow hang.

**C** Be war thairfoir o: ze conclude,  
That scho in Scotland cum:  
For be my trowth gif that ze dude,  
It semis zour glas is rune.  
Better it war that ze war dum,  
Nor speik zour awin mischeif,  
And lippin for na gude to cum  
Gif ze wrik hir releif.

**C** Argyle and Boyde befoir war with zow,  
And promysit to hyde,  
And now thay tak on hand to gre zow  
With all the tother syde.  
Bot I pray God zour hartis to gyde,  
For quhen thay find zow rype:  
Thay sall not meiknes mix with pyde,  
And playis on Dysartis pype.

**C** Fordwart thairfoir with fyre and swords,  
For to reuenge this cryme,  
And lippin lytill in leing wordis:  
For thocht I speik in ryme.  
Treuth it was only to dyue tyme,  
That thay war hidder sent:  
And had thay force o: it war pyyme  
Ze wald se thair Intent.

**C** Zour counsalls o: thay be concludit,  
The Borderis will be brokin,  
Than will thay, gif ze vnderstundit,  
On pure trew men be wrokin.  
With speiris ( in sport ) thocht it be spokin,  
This murther sone Reuenge:  
Thir haistie heitis sa sall ze slokin,  
Thocht it seme neuer sa strange.

**C** Not on that reuthles rageing Rebell,  
And his unhappy band,  
With creuell causers craifing hell,  
Gods bludy curs dois stand  
Bot on the countrie of Scotland,  
Till that misdeid be mendit:  
Thair is na mendis bot sweir in land,  
With speid till thay be spendit.

**C** This Rakles Robert did report,  
In raggit Ruffis ryme  
Sen Sempill solace to this sort  
Quaillis maist in this tyme.  
With hardy hart, Reuenge this cryme,  
I say na mair Amen,  
Ga speik of Eger and Schir Gryme,  
And lat the Lordis alaime.

CHAS.

Imprentit. Anno Do.  
1570.

